

JUVENILE ANNUAL
OR
HOLIDAY MELODIES



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Christmas present
to Edwin H. Butler

from his mother

1853







THE
JUVENILE ANNUAL,
OR
HOLIDAY MELODIES.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

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PREFACE.

LITTLE reader ! bright and gay,
On this happy Christmas day,
Would you like to know the way
Happiness is taught to stay,
When such hours have passed away ?
Do not trust the foolish ray,
Nor with fancy's firelight play,
These will ever lead astray ;
Hear what conscience fain would say,
And its gentle voice obey.
Safe from rust your treasure lay, —
Then your joys will ne'er decay.



THE .
STRING OF PEARLS.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

“ ’Tis Christmas night! ’t is Christmas
night! ”

The merry echo rang,
While up and down the glassy street,
The happy children sang.

The sun had faded from the west,
The silver stars were out,
When, ringing on the frosty air,
I heard this merry shout.

I paused beside an ancient dome,
Of architecture rare,
Whose stately marble pillars cast
Their lengthened shadows there.

The borealis brightly glowed,
Upon the northern sky ;
The " Queen of Night " had coldly hung
Her silver lamp on high.

The north wind drove his fleetest steed,
His sword was tried and true,
And from the glaciers, keen and shrill,
The wintry blast he blew.

But still along the crowded walk,
I watched the busy feet,
As to and fro they nimbly crossed
The broad and brilliant street.

A flood of crimson light revealed
A scene surpassing fair,
Where every glowing window-pane
Produced some treasure rare.

And round those lighted windows pressed
A gay and eager crowd,
Who talked of Christmas and its gifts,
In voices shrill and loud.

There was the man of hoary hair,
And there the little boy, —
And on the lip of age and youth,
I saw a smile of joy.

There was the pretty little girl,
Laughing in merry mood,
While by her side, with generous smile,
Her kind Aunt Abby stood.

Fathers and mothers talked apart,
Consulting what to buy —
What, being useful, still would make
The little hearts beat high.

They minded not the icy hour,
Though keen the blast it blew,
For love will keep the bosom warm,
Whatever frost may do.



THE CHILD OF WANT.

WHILE thus I watched the happy throng,
And while their merry shout and song
The wintry hour beguiled,
I heard a soft but deep-drawn sigh,
And, close beneath those pillars high,
I saw a little child.

A tattered gown of faded blue,
One stocking, and a worn-out shoe,
 Composed her scanty dress ;
She shivered at the wintry air,
As to that pillar cold and bare
 I saw her nearer press.

“ Go home,” said I, with gentle tone,
“ Go home, go home, my little one, —
 The cold is too severe.”
She quickly turned her pallid face,
And on her cheek I saw the trace
 Of many a bitter tear.

She half arose, and round her cast
Her only shelter from the blast,
 A ragged Highland shawl ;
With cold her little hands were numb,
She seemed to lean, both deaf and dumb,
 Against the marble wall.

That moment, on the glassy walk,
I heard the sound of cheerful talk,
And saw two little girls ;
'T was Mary Morse and Milla More ;
Around her neck the latter wore
A string of costly pearls.

Said Mary Morse, " How glad am I
That father gave me leave to buy
Whatever suits me best !
If I had talked of pearls, dear Milla,
Perhaps he might have thought me silly,
But these he never guessed."

" He guessed a pretty Christmas book,
But then I gave him such a look,
He knew 't was not the thing ;
At all he named, my heart was sinking,—
Of pearls, dear Milla, I was thinking,—
I knew *you* had a string.

“ At last he laid a piece of gold
(I saw the gift with joy untold)

Upon the centre-table ;

‘ My gifts,’ said he, ‘ since you refuse,
Go buy, my daughter, what you choose,
If this will make you able.’

“ But, Milla, when I feel most glad,
Father, sometimes, will make me sad —
And so he did to-night.

‘ I hope,’ said he, ‘ some generous deed
Will gain my child a richer meed
Than gold, however bright.

“ ‘ For cankered o’er with moth and rust
Will be the gold we fondly trust,
If this our chief delight ;
Let not the soul descend too low,
But choose the gems which brightest glow,
In heaven’s immortal light.’

“ But, Milla, pearls will not grow dim ;
I would not say it, dear, to him,
For all the world, you know ;
For father then would answer me —
‘ Where will my daughter Mary be,
When these shall cease to glow ? ’ ”

The poor little creature still leaned by the wall,
While the fluttering shreds of her old Highland
shawl
Were the sport of the north wind, which constantly
blew,
And seemed in its chilliness piercing her through.
She saw the gay company thronging the street,
She heard the light patter of juvenile feet,
But she said not a word till the two little girls
Came skipping, and laughing, and talking of pearls ;
Then a tear-drop stole softly adown her pale cheek,
And I saw that with Mary she gladly would speak ;
“ Mary Morse ! Mary Morse ! ” I eagerly cried,
And Milla and Mary were soon at my side ;

I opened the door of a snug little shop,
Where in passing I oft had occasion to stop,
For there was blind Sukey, who lived by herself,
And kept gingerbread, candy, and plums, on a
shelf,
Which she sold to the children, and thus, it was
said,
Poor Sukey long managed to get her own bread;
And to a snug corner of this little store,
The stranger, myself, Mary Morse, Milla More,
On one narrow seat were all huddled together,
Right glad to escape from the pitiless weather;
Blind Sukey was taking in money so fast,
That she heeded us not as the counter we passed,
While the poor little girl to the warm corner pressed,
And to Mary and Milla her story addressed.

THE POOR CHILD'S STORY.

“ I LIVED, dear girls, beyond the sea,
Before my father died ;
And had he lived, I ne'er had crossed
Those waters dark and wide.

“ But when they laid my father down
Beneath the church-yard tree,
My mother said her brother lived
Beyond the deep, green sea.

“ Our sunny home in Coventry
Was all we called our own,
And mother said she could not bear
To live and die alone.

“ For, one by one, her friends had passed
Unto the spirit shore ;
When father died, of kindred there,
Alas ! we had no more.

“ She sold our house and garden fair,
And then we bade adieu
To that dear spot where father slept,
Beneath the spreading yew.

“ For many days we lightly rode
Upon the foaming deep,
While for the land we left behind
We often turned to weep.

“ At last our bark was safely moored
Upon this stranger’s shore ;
But peace and joy, dear little girls,
Came back to us no more.

“ For poorer every day we grew,
And sickness came to mother ;
For two long years she fondly strove,
But never found her brother.

“ Beside myself, our mother had
Two darling little girls,
And one sweet boy, — she called us all
Her pretty ‘ string of pearls.’

“ And when her cheek was very pale,
She used to stroke our hair,
And say, with tears, ‘ I trust to God
My pearls so rich and rare.

“ ‘ And He will keep the precious trust,
The treasures he has given,
I now retain, and ask but this, —
Room for my pearls in heaven.’

“ She called us by this pretty name,
Even with her latest breath,
And when upon her brow I saw
The icy hand of death,

“ She whispered faintly, ‘ Raise them up,
The poor and fallen down ;
God’s poor are pearls, prepared to gem
Some bright, immortal crown.’

“ How painfully, on this cold night,
My poor heart thought of this,
When thus you talked of buying pearls,
My pretty little Miss.

“ You say that pearls will not grow dim,
But wherefore should they glow ?
Their light is as the moon’s cold beam,
Upon the drifted snow.

“But there are gems on which the sun
Of kindness, taught to glow,
Will make a fadeless diadem
To crown the youthful brow.”

Then answered Mary, while a tear
Stole from her eye so bright,
“Where have you left your mother’s pearls,
Upon this wintry night ? ”

“Just come with me, the stranger said,
And I will show you where ; ”
And passing now blind Sukey’s door,
We breathed the frosty air.

Milla and Mary, wrapped in furs,
Felt not its keenest breath ;
But that poor child, to her its sting
Was like the sting of death.

But love had warmed her little heart,
And hope had raised her head,
And now along the frozen walk
She passed with fleetest tread.

We left the broad and brilliant street,
And all its treasures there,
While through a dark and narrow lane
We groped with prudent care.

It was the home of squalid want,
That dark and dismal street ;
We felt it as we passed along,
With slow and cautious feet.

THE HOME OF THE POOR.

WE reached a broken door at last,
And through the gloomy entrance passed,
 Unto the room within ;
A *room* indeed ! 't was like the cell
Where heretics were doomed to dwell,
 Confined for deadly sin.

Snow-drifts upon the hearth-stone lay,
Where firelight never shed a ray
 Upon the sullen gloom ;
A board across the windows old
Obscured the light, but gave the cold
 A passage to the room.

And through a crevice in the roof,
Which showed it was not weather-proof,
 There came a moonbeam fair ;
And by its silver light revealed
A meagre bed, which half concealed
 Three children sleeping there.

Half-frozen tears upon each cheek
Showed that they cried themselves asleep ;
 And now they dreamed of cold ;
For, each complaining as they slept,
Close to the other shivering crept,
 And thus their sufferings told.

“ My mother’s pearls,” the stranger said,
And fondly leaned upon the bed
 Where these poor children lay.
“ I did not leave them thus to die,”
She murmured, with a mournful sigh,
 “ Though here I could not stay.

“ I’d rather do the hardest task,
Than one small charity to ask, —
But this is all in vain ;
From house to house, for work I seek ;
They tell me I am small and weak,
And need not come again.

“ To-day the children cried for bread, —
Then to myself I sadly said,
‘ Now I must beg or die,
I cannot hear them cry for food ; ’ —
My little brother understood
That Christmas day was nigh.

“ And so he promised not to weep, —
Said he, ‘ When Ruby goes to sleep,
Saint Nicholas will come,
And fill my little stocking up,
And put some warm milk in my cup,
Such as I had at home.’

- “ But still I saw a gathering tear,
The cold to-night is so severe
His word could not be kept.
I heard him moan and softly cry, —
I heard my little sisters sigh, —
So from the house I crept.
- “ Beside that pillar cold and bare,
I long had breathed the biting air,
And gazed upon the sky,
From whence the Lord of Glory came,
To bear our cross, endure our shame,
And for the world to die.
- “ I saw the lofty pomp and state
With which the wealthy celebrate
Our blessed Saviour’s birth,
Who, though the foxes have a bed,
Had not a place to lay his head,
Upon the broad, green earth.

“I thought of him, as, scorned and poor,
He wandered o’er the desert moor,
And by the stormy sea.

I saw him on the highway, worn, —
The Gentile’s jest, the Hebrew’s scorn, —
Weary and sad, like me.

“And then, upon the cold blue sky,
I seemed to catch his beaming eye,
And hear him speak to me :

‘I live again, the true and just, —
In me, poor child, repose your trust, —
Thy guardian I will be.’ ”

Thus meekly spake the stranger child :
And thus, compassionate and mild,
Did Mary Morse reply :

“I do not want the string of pearls, —
My money for these little girls
Clothing and food shall buy.”

Said Milla, " I will ask of mother,
This sweet boy for a little brother,
And she will not refuse ;
For when I said, ' Pray tell to me
What shall my Christmas present be ? '
She kindly bade me choose."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

'THE Christmas morning, cold and bright,
To us was sweet as May,
For kindly thought and generous deed
Had crowned the opening day.

Now Mr. Morse was by the fire,
The breakfast hour was o'er,
When Mary, with her string of pearls,
Stood smiling at the door.

“Father,” said she, “I took your gold,
To buy a string of pearls, —
But, perishing with want and cold,
I found these little girls.

“Now, father, if *this* Christmas gift
You will bestow on me,
My precious string of costly pearls
These little ones shall be.

“And money I’ve been wont to spend
In vain and useless show,
On them, in gifts of real worth,
Henceforth I will bestow.”

“I will, I will,” the father said,
And drew her to his breast ;
“By Him who chose the humble poor
My daughter shall be blessed.

“ For you these precious pearls shall shine,
When earthly gems are dim ;
Our Saviour counts, my darling child,
Such deeds as done to Him.”



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE Christmas morning soon was passed, —
But there are thoughts and deeds which last,
When days and years are gone ;
Thoughts that with angels had their birth,
Deeds that belong not to the earth,
Though here they must be done.

Such is the kindly thought and deed,
Which seeks the humble child of need,
Of home and kin bereft ;
Such was the wondrous love of God,
When on the ruined he bestowed
The world's great Christmas gift.

Now to her home kind Milla More
The happy little Reuben bore,
 And he became her brother ;
And Mary had the little girls,
Two lily buds,—she called them pearls,—
 But, say, where is the other ?

Where is the sweet and loving child,
Who braved the north wind cold and wild,
 On that keen Christmas night,
To whom He spake — the true and just —
“ In me, poor child, repose your trust,
 And all will yet be right ” ?

My little reader asks me where
The child who breathed the biting air,
 Against the marble wall,
Who, while the piercing night-wind blew,
Stood with one sock and worn-out shoe,
 Wrapped in a tattered shawl ?

Say, does my little reader know
That on our hills and vales of snow
 Rests the All-Seeing eye ?
And to his ear, from vale and hill,
The wail of want, though faint and still
 Is quickly borne on high ?

And then the " still small voice " is heard,
In silent thought or written word ;

 We hear the soft command, —
" Give to my poor, as I have given ;
Your treasure is secure in heaven, —
 Then open wide your hand."

Ah ! happy they who heed this voice !
To such the scriptures say, " Rejoice,
 For great is your reward ; "

Your bread upon the waters cast
Shall, multiplied, return at last,
 Hallowed and blest of God.

And happy, too, the suffering poor,
Who find the word of promise sure,
And in it calmly trust ;
For, shorn of silver and of gold,
Yet “ no good thing will God withhold
From hearts upright and just.”

Now Nelly could this promise claim, —
For *Nelly* was the poor child's name,
I found so cold and bare ;
Who underneath that pillar high,
To heaven upraised her tearful eye,
And knew that God was there.

His eye from heaven looked calmly down,
And in that gay and busy town
He marked the very spot
Where, faint with hunger and with cold,
The suffering child, with grief untold,
Bemoaned her hapless lot.

The time had come to raise her up, —
The time to fill her youthful cup
 With peace and radiant joy ;
To give the little sisters dear
Warm homes, kind hearts and happy cheer,
 And parents to the boy.

And we but kept the golden rule,
By sending Nelly off to school, —
 For it was very plain
That God had given her a mind
Which, if by ignorance confined,
 Would struggle with its chain.

Now Mary boasted of her pearls,
And Milla loved the little girls ;
 But once she said of them, —
“ One treasure, Mary, claimed as mine,
Your brilliant pearls will ne’er outshine, —
 My *Ruby* is the gem.”

SEQUEL.

DAYS and years have passed away,
Since that happy Christmas day, —
Many flowers of sunny June
Dropped their leaves in autumn's tomb.

On its green and mossy bed
We have laid the little head,
Roses withered by the way,
Since that happy Christmas day.

Love has proved a phantom light,
Fading on the brow of night ;
Hope has often quenched its ray,
Since that happy Christmas day.

Pleasure drained its golden cup,
Gave its dregs in drinking up,
Showed us where the viper lay,
Since that happy Christmas day.

On the rapid wing of time
Passed away our childhood's prime ;
Golden locks have turned to gray,
Since that happy Christmas day.

Treasures we have called our own
On deceitful wings have flown ;
What we prized has passed away,
Since that happy Christmas day.

Beauty faded in its bloom,
Seared, and garnered for the tomb,
We have seen among the gay,
Since that happy Christmas day.

But the deed by Mary done,
And the gem by Milla won,
Shine with brighter, purer ray,
Since that happy Christmas day.

All such deeds will brightly shine,
Far beyond the bounds of time,
When the world has passed away,
Like the fleeting Christmas day.

Little reader, win this meed ;
Seek the pining child of need ;
Place your gold beyond decay,
On this happy Christmas day.

You may find some precious gem,
For a fadeless diadem ;
And through endless years may say,
“ Happy, happy Christmas day ! ”

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ONE beautiful night,
When the stars were bright,
And the earth was hushed in sleep,
A meteor flame
Shot over the plain,
Where the shepherds watched their sheep

And on that night
Of beautiful light,
Bright wings o'ershadowed the plain ;
And the golden lyre,
And the harps of fire,
Were tuned to a wonderful strain.

When the starlight came,
With the meteor flame,
Then soft waving wings were there ;
Of a Saviour's birth,
And peace on earth,
They sang on the midnight air.

This Christmas day
We join their lay,
For eighteen hundred years
Have seen that night,
Though the meteor light
Nor the angel host appears.

The song from heaven
To us is given,
And the gift of peace on earth,
A surer light
Than the meteor bright,
Now gladdens the day of his birth.

HYMN FOR A POOR CHILD.

THERE is a hand of gentle love,
That to the needy opens wide,
That condescends, where'er we rove,
Our weary, wandering steps to guide.

A heart that feels for human grief,
When every other heart is cold,
And arms spread wide for our relief,
The wretched and the lost enfold.

The eye that never closed in sleep,
That every hour beholds our ways,
Will still its faithful vigil keep,
In darkest as in brightest days.

It is the gracious hand of God
That opens to supply our need,
That kindly shows the safest road,
And condescends our steps to lead.

It is the heart of love divine,
That moves in pity for our grief,
And thine, dear Saviour, ever thine,
The arms outstretched for our relief.

And thine, O Lord, the watchful eye
That guards us with a father's care,
And thine the ear which from the sky
Bows down to hear the softest prayer.

Then give us hearts of grateful praise,
In songs to sing thy changeless love —
The love that crowns our earthly days,
And leads us to the world above.

THE
JACK FROST MELODIES.

INTRODUCTION.

WILL you hear what is said of a wonderful king
In the northern land afar ?
To his service the wild winter storm he can bring,
And the fierce north blast, of the fleetest wing,
He binds to his icicle car.

And the white bear looks, with a fearful glare,
From the ice-island's slippery sides,
And the gaunt fox howls from his snowy lair,
And the seal looks out with a wondering stare,
When this terrible monarch rides.

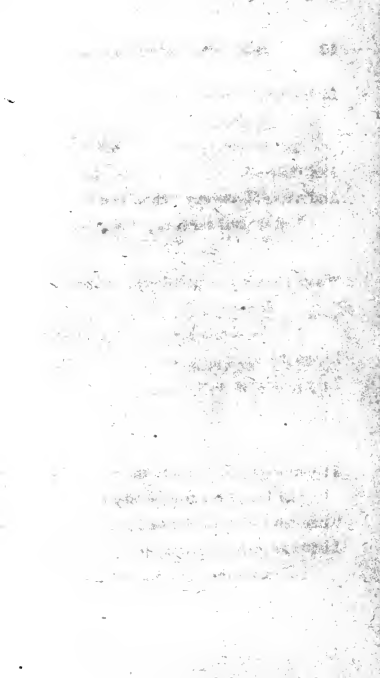
In his train there are pages, and grooms, and
squires,

And a thousand plumed knights,
And their tall spears rise as the glittering spires,
And dance in the sky like meteor fires,
And we call them the "Northern Lights."

When the snow comes down, and the sleighing
is good,

And the rivers are bridged o'er with ice,
In the moonlit night, in a merry mood,
They glide over mountain, and valley, and wood,
And are down upon us in a trice.

And strange and fantastic the forms they wear,
And funny the things they do ;
When boys stick their toes out of bed in the air,
And little girls sleep with their noses all bare,
Full often they pinch them blue.





And in sculpture, and painting, and other fine
arts,

It is said that their skill is divine :

The following verse will enliven your hearts,
Wherein is recorded their wonderful parts, —
Which precludes further labors of mine.



THE COASTER'S SONG.

To slide ! to slide ! our task is done, —
Dear schoolmates, haste along ;
It is the hour for play and fun,
For laughter and for song.

Away ! away ! the smiling moon
Now rests upon the hill ;
Its ruddy light will vanish soon,
In shadows dark and chill.

Away! away! the boys are out, —
A down the hill they glide;
I hear aloft their merry shout, —
Then haste to slide — to slide.

The bell! the bell! will shortly say,
“School-time for girl and boy;”
Work while you work, play while you
play,
If life you would enjoy.

Oh, then, for play! our task is done, —
Dear schoolmates, haste along;
It is the hour for play and fun,
For laughter and for song.

THE HEART'S SUMMER.

THE autumn winds began to blow,
The leaves were falling fast,
And voices whispered soft and low,
“The summer bloom is passed.”

The golden sheaves of yellow grain
Safe in the garner lay,
The withered grass had changed its name,
And bade us call it “hay.”

Lone cornstalks o'er the garden wall
Shed sentimental tears,
And seemed to hear the autumn's call,
Though they had lost their ears.

The stream once murmuring through the
glade,

Now wore an icy band ;

The moss-bed where its waters played

Was yellow as the sand.

But though all cheerless is the scene

Of forest, vale, and hill,

Though sere the moss, once fresh and green,

Beside the sparkling rill, —

Though worn and bare the clinging vine,

Once graced with flowering bud,

And glancing leaflets cease to shine

Along the shady wood,

Yet round the hearth-stone cluster still

Warm cheer for winter hours,

Where love and peace their balm distil

Upon our household flowers.

THE TRICK.

ONE winter night
A saucy wight
Came whistling at my door ;
I heard him say,
“ Admit, I pray,
This stranger, cold and poor.”

Said I, “ Retire ;
My scanty fire
Is sinking in the grate.
You see, my dear,
The case is clear,
That you have come too late.”

“ Oh dear ! ” said he,
“ Some charity
I beg you to bestow ;
Peep out and see
Me bow my knee
Upon the drifted snow.”

“ Whence did you come ?
Where is your home ?
Just hear the north wind shout :
Do n't stop to bow,
But tell me now —
Does mother know you 're out ? ”

“ No,” he replies ;
“ In strange disguise
I passed along the moor ;
The keen wind blows, —
Then do not close
Your door against the poor.”

His plaintive moan
My pity won,
And so I turned the key;
The door flung wide —
I quaking cried,
“ The stranger — where is he ? ”

I felt a grip
On hand and lip,
But saw no human form.
Was it a kiss ?
Then love like this
Is not exceeding warm.

I called again
The stranger's name,
But saw no stranger there —
No scrip nor staff,
But heard a laugh
Upon the frozen air.

“ The case is clear,
My little dear,”
The merry laughter said,
“ That you have froze
Your pretty nose,
And better go to bed.

“ But learn this truth
In early youth, —
'T is worth a ten times ten, —
You never must
A moment trust
The little Jack Frost men.”

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE house, the house upon the hill !
I see the oven blazing still,
 I hear the farmer say,
“ From poultry-yard and granary nook
Bring out your store, and nobly cook
 For next Thanksgiving day.”

And then I heard a dismal cry --
The gobbler said that he must die,
 So did the turkey hen ;
The pigs were squealing with their might,
Expecting on this very night
 The savage butcher-men.

The chickens said that they had seen
One summer on the grassy green,
And were too young to die ;
The sober goose then sagely said,
“ A trifle this, to lose your head, —
What is the use to cry ? ”

Then from the house upon the hill
I saw the ripe corn go to mill,
And with it bags of wheat ;
All night did miller Joshua grind,
Because the farmers had a mind
An extra lot to eat.

Orders for eggs came every day, —
At last the hens were bribed to lay,
And offered corn-meal dough ;
In sight of such a dainty dish,
A well-bred hen will never wish
To rudely answer “ No.”

Thanksgiving day drew on apace, —
Joy beamed upon each radiant face,
 For friends were coming home ;
Dear friends, that from the farm-house door
Had passed, long months and years before,
 In other lands to roam.

Their Charles, the boy so full of glee,
Long, long upon the broad deep sea
 Had sailed both night and day ;
But now his bark was homeward bound, —
He soon would tread the happy ground
 Where once he used to play.

And Fanny, too, their joy and pride,
Had left the farm-house as a bride,
 Just three long years before ;
But soon from eastern forests wild
They hoped to see their darling child
 Enter the farm-house door.

And John, from California mines,
Where gold upon the "digger" shines,
Like stars upon the sea,
Two years in making cash had passed,
And now was coming home, at last,
But who so rich as he?

I open wide my wondering eyes,
To see the pot of mammoth size
Over the kitchen fire ;
Where pork and beef together meet, —
Where cabbage, turnip, squash and beet,
Sputter with boiling ire.

Within the kettle broad and wide,
The doughnuts roll from side to side,
And sail the sea of lard,
While Betty shakes them as they fry,
That they may "rise," and nobly try
To grow both brown and hard.

But chief of all the cookies yet
Is that which turns upon the spit,
 Basted with earnest care ;
Though martyr-like the turkey's fate,
He long has held the chair of state
 Upon the " bill of fare."

But who are these that bee-like swarm,
To fill the oven large and warm,
 And leisurely to cook, —
Shut up in blest seclusion there, —
While, dangling in the open air,
 The goose roasts on a hook ?

Their names are mince and pumpkin pies,
Held in repute by all the wise,
 From ages out of mind ;
The tall plum-pudding sits alone
In majesty upon its throne, —
 The " bean-pot " stands behind.

And now the kitchen feels the broom,
And brightly in the clean 'fore room
The warm fire blazes high ;
Grandfather takes his elbow-chair,
And Mary, while she combs his hair,
Sees tear-drops in his eye.

But not the tears of pining grief,
For, lo ! their stay is very brief, —
A smile usurps their place ;
“ Ah ! well,” says he, “ may I rejoice,
For I shall live to see the boy's
And Fanny's lovely face.”

Then at the door I heard a rout,
A happy laugh, a joyful shout,
And in they gayly rushed ;
But when the man of hoary hair
Upraised his eyes in grateful prayer,
Each merry voice was hushed.

“Come to my arms,” he weeping said, —
And once more Fanny laid her head
 Upon his aged breast ;
Then on his knee, with smiles of joy,
She gently laid her baby boy,
 Whom grandpa warmly blessed.

Meanwhile, with tears upon his face,
And mother locked in close embrace,
 The hardy sailor stood ;
With quivering lip the mother says,
“To God, my son, be all the praise,
 His providence is good.”

John to his heart doth Mary hold,
While round her neck a chain of gold
 We saw him gayly wind.
Mary was once an orphan lone, —
The farmer took her for his own, —
 So John was very kind.

Then uncles, aunts and cousins came, —
We cannot call them all by name,
Or tell how many score ;
The Georgys, Sammys, Peters, Rubys,
The Sallys, Sukeys, Katys, Judys,
We cannot number o'er.

Now careful Betty kept in view
The main point of this great ado,
The nice Thanksgiving dinner ;
“ If I,” said she, “ should lose my wit,
Neglect the oven or the spit,
Should I not be a sinner ?

“ If forth the great plum-pudding comes
With face like Ethiopia's sons,
And all our pumpkin pies
Should hide beneath an iron rim,
Those sparkling eyes would soon be dim
With grief and sad surprise.”

So, faithful Betty kept her post,
Guarded the oven, turned the roast,
And the result was seen ;
For everything was nicely cooked, —
The turkey and the pudding looked
Fit for a king and queen.

The pie-crust proved just short enough,
The beef was neither hard nor tough,
The pork was fat and rosy ;
The doughnuts very plump and round,
The chicken-pie all nicely browned, —
The corn-meal loaf was cosey.

Then each, according to his age, —
The giddy child, the hoary sage, —
Was seated at the board ;
The grandsire checked the careless smile,
And solemn silence reigned the while
God's blessing he implored.

He humbly thanked the gracious Power
Who brought us to that happy hour,
 Through dangers, care and toil,
Who yearly blessed our happy land,
And, opening wide his liberal hand,
 Still fertilized our soil.

And then, with low and trembling tone,
He spoke of those we loved, now gone
 Where weary ones shall rest ;
He prayed that with these friends at last
Our happy lot we all might cast,
 And be forever blest.

The house, the house upon the hill !
The songs of that bright day are still,
 The parents passed away !
Yet, scattered wide, those children bear
The hope to meet, and with them share
 The great Thanksgiving day.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S WINTER SONG.

HEIGHO ! heigho !

Who minds the snow ?

Who minds the frozen rain ?

'Tis here we go ;

Old Boreas, blow

Your northern blast in vain !

We never mind

The biting wind,

Though hoarse its voice, and chill ;

The falling sleet

We gladly greet,

On forest, plain, and hill.

We love to see
Upon the tree
The icy stars at night, —
Where moonbeams play,
And where by day
Sparkles the rainbow light.

The snowy hill,
The glassy rill,
To us is very dear ;
We bravely meet,
And kindly greet,
The winter, though severe.

To school ! to school !
The wind is cool,
But youthful blood is warm ;
Its merry glow
Defies the snow,
And dances in the storm.

Heigho ! heigho !
Who minds the snow ?
Who minds the frozen rain ?
'T is here we go ;
Old Boreas, blow
Your northern blast in vain !

FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

Would the little girl, safe from the wintry
snow,
Now sitting by dear mother's side,
And reading her pretty book, like to know
How my beautiful spring-bud died ?

THE SPRING-BUD.

There came a voice on the whispering breeze,
When died the withering year,
And a hollow murmuring through the trees,
Nearer, and still more near.

And o'er earth's gardens bright and fair,
And over the summer bowers,
It whispered, "Who, oh, who will dare
To show me their loveliest flowers?"

It came to me; and I, in my pride,
Held up a blossom fair,
And asked if a bower on earth beside
Could show a gem more rare.

With a mocking laugh came the quick reply,
"Give me thy blossom fair,
And a monarch's wreath shall ne'er outvie
The garland Death shall wear."

And he breathed on the flower, — a beautiful
thing,
That rose with its fragrant breath;
But I saw it slowly withering,
Beneath the touch of Death.

I pressed my brow to the cold, cold earth,
And lifted my voice in prayer ;
“ ’Tis in vain,” said Death, “ for I henceforth
This gem in my coronet wear.”

He bore it away, — but I saw, as he fled,
A cherub of radiance divine
Come forth to meet him, who sternly said,
“ That rosebud, oh Death, is not thine.

“ To the regions of light, to the bowers of
bliss,
To the land of unceasing song,
The flowers which you blast with your touch
and your kiss
In their light and their beauty belong.”

And the angel had might, in his power over
Death,
To take the bright treasures he bore ;

I saw that they bloomed in the cherubim's
breath, —

And I knew they would bloom evermore.

Then I wept with delight, and lifted my voice,
And said, “ While my spirit has breath,
I will say to the mourner, ‘ Look up and
rejoice,

For the angel has power over Death ’ ”

GEORGE THE GENEROUS
AND
SAMUEL THE SELFISH BOY :
A
NEW YEAR'S STORY.

PREFACE.

IN reading the following story, my young friends will see the difference between a generous and a selfish boy. Samuel wished and George *worked* for his friends. We can choose between these two characters. Let every little boy and girl choose wisely.



NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

GEORGE, THE GENEROUS BOY.

GEORGE GENEROUS started from his bed ;

The moon was rolling high,
And stars were twinkling overhead,
Like diamonds in the sky.

“ Ah, Lady Moon ! ” said Georgy boy,

“ Don't tell me it is night,
For it would give me wondrous joy
To see the morning light.

“ I ’m not ungrateful, pretty moon, —
To me your light is dear ;
I would not have you hide too soon
Behind the closing year.

“ But, oh, to-night your bright rays creep
So slowly o’er the wall,
And King Frost thinks me fast asleep,
While I am watching all.

“ Watching your light, to see it wane,
And see the stars grow dim ;
Then, turning to my window-pane,
Waking and watching him.

“ But, Lady Moon, it must be day, —
For faded is your crest,
And wearily you sink away
Toward the deep blue west.

“ And I, oh, I have work to do, —
So let me leave my bed,
For I must paint a line of blue
Around that yellow sled.

“ How pleased will brother Samuel be,
When I to him shall say,
‘ Will you accept this sled from me,
Upon this New Year’s Day ? ’

“ And then that box for mother dear
Much patience did require, —
But Patience whispered, ‘ Persevere !
And gain what you desire.’

“ And I desired the happy smile
That plays on mother’s lip, —
When, in another’s joy, a while
Ourselves we can forget.

“ And then we should not seek for rest, —
What if the way is rough ?
If we can make another blest,
Why, that is pay enough.”

Thus talked our Georgy to himself,
And, though King Frost was there,
He took his Bible from the shelf,
And said his morning prayer.

Then Georgy to his work-shop went, —
His fire was kindled soon, —
And then, upon his work intent,
He quite forgot the moon ;

While she, “ pale empress of the night,”
Pursued her bright career,
Shedding her cold and silvery light
Upon the infant year.

SAMUEL, THE SELFISH BOY.

THE moon had faded from the sky,
The morning sun was climbing high,
And shining on the snow,
Where glittering diamonds seemed to dance,
And brilliant rubies gleam and glance,
And pearls among them glow.

Then Sammy started from a doze,
And found King Frost had nipped his nose,
And played among his hair ; —
“ Dear me ! ” said Sam, “ is it so late ?
Then I must rise, but must not wait
To read, or say my prayer ; —

“ For George will steal a march on me, —
And I ’m resolved the first to be
 In wishing happy year ;
At every keyhole I will shout, —
From roof to rafter raise a rout,
 And echo notes of cheer.”

Thus Sam resolved no time to waste,
But down the stairway quickly haste,
 And cry at mother’s door —
“ I wish you all a happy year,
Father and mother, — baby dear, —
 I wish you half a score ! ”

So at the keyhole Sammy stood, —
His lungs, my dear, were very good, —
 His voice exceeding clear ;
And through the keyhole whistling shrill,
It sounded long and echoed still —
 “ A happy, happy year ! ”

But all were silent as the dead ;
Said Sam, " How long they lie in bed
 On this bright New Year's morn !
George said, last night, he meant to rise
Before the moonbeams left the skies —
 Long, long before the dawn.

" Now to his door I mean to creep,
And catch the fellow fast asleep,
 And cry with all my might —
' A happy year ! a happy year !
I've got the game, sir, that is clear, —
 So up, you lazy wight ! ' "

But no response to Sammy came ;
He shouted loud, " I've got the game ! "
 " What game ? " said laughing Kate ;
" Your muffins, dear, are growing cold, —
I guess your patent-right is sold,
 And you have come too late."

“ The breakfast hour is nearly o’er,
So don’t stand shivering at the door,
And wasting generous wishes ;
Time, time, my boy, is quickly passed,
And you will find it true, at last,
Minutes are slippery fishes.”

Then answered Sam, in sullen mood,
“ Your sermon may be very good,
But better save your preaching ;
In making bread you may excel,
And I, for one, can very well
Dispense with house-maid teaching.”

So Sam went slowly down the stairs ;
The boy had practised sullen airs
Till they were second nature ;
When disappointment crossed his path,
We saw the fires of inward wrath
Smouldering in every feature.

And now, upon this New Year's morn,
He met his brother's smile with scorn,
And silently sat down
At table with his friends so dear,
And to their cheerful "Happy year"
He answered with a frown.

I saw a tear in mother's eye,
And well I knew the reason why ;
I knew that mother thought —
"Could Samuel have been sincere
In wishing us a *happy year*?
I fear that he was not."

COASTING.

Down the hill-side, like a dart,
Sped the happy boys ;
Sam was wishing, from his heart,
They would stop their noise.

“ For,” said he, “ I have no sled, —
Why, then, should *they* slide ?
How like arrows they are sped
Down the long hill-side !

“ There 's John Rice, a clumsy calf,
I can outslide him.
How the fellows shout and laugh !
There goes foolish Jim.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! I ’m glad of that !
John has tumbled down,
Knocked his head, and lost his hat, —
What an awkward clown !

“ Good again ! there ’s Eddy Small
Running into Bill ;
Now, my lads, you ’ll catch a fall,
Turn which way you will.”

Talking thus, poor Sammy stood
By the window sill ;
Watching, not for others’ good,
But for others’ ill.

LIVING FOR OURSELVES.

WHOEVER he be that lives for himself,
Will always be found an unhappy elf.
In the hut and the palace this truth has been
shown,
From the plough-boy, my friend, to the king on
his throne.

The man or the woman who cannot rejoice
In the joy of another, my dear little boys,
Though fair be their title to houses and lands,
And gold in their coffers and pockets and hands,
They cannot be happy, for there is one rule
Which is easily learned without going to school,
And without it the wise man will soon be a fool.
They call the rule *golden*, its worth is not told ;
It never was bought for its weight in pure gold,

Yet the poorest may have it, and by it possess
The greatest of treasures which mortals can
bless ;

It is this, my dear reader : “ Remember and do
Unto others what you would have done unto
you ; ”

Thus showing most plainly, what all ought to
know,

The way to be happy ; for pleasure will flow
From the smile of another, and thus we are blest
In seeking for others what we prize as best.

This truth by poor Sammy was not understood,
For the pathway is hidden, except to the good.
So Samuel the selfish pursued the wrong way, —
He gave to his passions unlimited sway ;
He pampered his appetite, sought for repose,
Ne'er rejoiced with his neighbor, nor wept for
his woes ;

This motto was taken, in all he had done —
“Look out, Sammy Selfish, for dear Number
One.”

But dear Number One was not happy at all, —
His heart was becoming a fountain of gall ;
He looked like an old man brim-full of care, —
His brow was not wrinkled, but furrows were
there ;

For in it a frown was so thoroughly knit,
Like a young happy boy he looked not a bit.



OF WHAT USE IS A SELFISH BOY ?

WHILE Sam was at the window sitting,
Grandma was in the corner knitting, —

Her eyes were very dim ;
She tried to read the Book divine,
But then the print was very fine,
And so she turned to him.

“Sammy,” said she, “this morning, dear,
You wished for me a happy year ;

Now, would you like to know
How you can give your grandma joy, —
Impart what you have wished, my boy,
And make it really so.”

But Samuel answered not a word, —
He sat as though he had not heard

A single word she said :
Then grandma coaxed him, — “Come, my
dear,
The precious Book is lying here, —
I want to hear it read.

“And, Samuel, if you were sincere
In wishing me a happy year,
I think that you will do
The only favor that I ask, —
I would not mind a harder task,
My little boy, for you.”

“ O dear ! ” said Samuel, “ how I wish
That I were made a bird or fish, —
I hate to be a boy ;
I never saw, since I was born,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
One moment to enjoy.

“ 'Tis always ‘ Sam, do this, or that ;’
I ’d rather be a dog, or cat,
Than always be a slave ;
A body who must always find
Hands, feet and eyes, for all mankind,
Will soon be in his grave.”

He might as well be there, thought I,
As ne’er to think, or plan, or try,
To do his neighbor good ;
A selfish boy is little worth, —
But then the worms beneath the earth
May find him decent food.

And, for a moment, I forgot
The immortal soul that slumbers not,
 And worms cannot destroy ;
But still, while endless ages roll,
Must be an everlasting soul, —
 Just think of that, my boy !

The deeds of time will fill our cup, —
Eternity must drink it up,
 Be it of joy or woe ;
Think lightly of it as we will,
The cup of endless good or ill
 Is mingled here below.

NEW YEAR'S NOON.

THE GIFT. — ENVY.

He that would reap must sow.

AND now the dinner-hour had come, —

George entered with a smile ;

For George knew how to cheer his home,

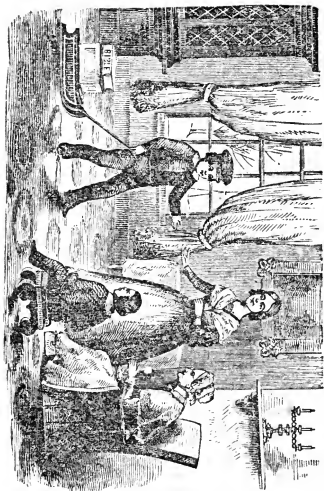
And weary hours beguile.

Now by its “ tongue ” he gayly drew

A handsome yellow sled ;

Around it was a stripe of blue,

The tongue was painted red.





And on this sled there was a Book,
Gilt-edged, and neatly bound ;
I read the title with a look,
And soon the secret found.

A handsome box beside it stood,
With partings, and a wheel ;
The box was made of maple-wood,
And polished bright as steel.

“ I made this pretty box for you,”
Said Georgy to his mother ;
“ This yellow sled, with stripes of blue,
I now present to brother.

“ But dear grandma I know will prize
This Bible more than all ;
So large the print, I think her eyes
Could read it on the wall.”

You should have seen the grateful tear
Upon that withered cheek ;
Her word of thanks we did not hear,
For grandma could not speak.

But all that generous boys require
Is but a happy look ;
“ I have,” thought George, “ what I desire ;
I ’m paid for box and book.”

But for the sled he did not feel
Himself so richly paid,
For Samuel’s eye did not reveal
The thanks he should have said.

’T was very strange, but yet ’t was true,
When selfish Samuel saw
The smiles that generous Georgy drew,
Envy began to gnaw.

And while this greedy monster fed
Upon his wretched heart,
The sight of his new yellow sled
No pleasure could impart.

You ask why Samuel should complain, —
Why envy thus his brother?
Could he no smile from grandma gain,
No loving look from mother?

O yes, he could, — the slightest deed,
Born of a generous thought,
Would soon have gained this precious meed,
For love with love is bought.

Who will not labor shall not eat;
Patience the honey hives,
But selfish drones would sip the sweet
For which another strives.

But he who wishes much a friend,
Himself must friendly show ;
This principle, without an end,
Doth no beginning know.

Who asks for love must love impart,
Nor seek his own to keep ;
Send it outgushing from the heart,
In rivers broad and deep.

And rivers broad and deep will flow
Back to the heart again,
As surely as the rain and snow
Return from whence they came.

For goodly grain we till the soil,
The tares no labor need, —
All things worth having cost us toil,
Else we must reap the weed.

Yet there are those, we know full well,
Who can't receive this truth ;
And, for a " mess of pottage," sell
This birth-right in their youth.

And then, through life, they idly fret,
Talk of a " favored few,"
Who what they want can always get, —
Love-light, sunshine and dew.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

THE COMPLAINT. — THE JUDGE AND
JURY. — THE RESOLVE.

Now the New Year's Day had over us passed,
And around the bright fire we were gathered at last.

Grandma with her spectacles close in her hand,
And her handsome new Bible all nice on the stand,
And once in a while she gave it a look,
As much as to say, "What a beautiful Book!"
Then she gazed upon George with a smile full of joy,
As much as to say, "What a beautiful boy!"
And in the new box all the little knick-knacks, —
The scissors and thimble, the spools and the wax,
The silk and the needles, — had each a nice house,
And there they all nestled, as snug as a mouse.
Then her box nicely furnished to us mother showed,
And a smile full of love-light on Georgy bestowed;
Which smile, my dear reader, I'm sorry to say,
Fell on Samuel the selfish as falleth the ray
Of the bright summer sun on the dark-gathering
cloud,
Which threatens its beautiful light to enshroud.
And Sam from his father that frown could not hide,
So he called the poor boy to a seat by his side :
"Now, Sammy," said he, "I should like to know
why

There 's a frown on your brow, and a tear in your
eye;

Who has wronged you, my son, or given you pain ?
We will give to the injured a chance to complain;
So speak to me freely, — look full in my face, —
Your father is jury and judge in the case."

So Samuel the selfish, now pliant as wax,
Gave his father the following statement of facts.

"I wished you all a happy year,"

Thus Sammy Selfish said;

"I ran from room to room, papa,
Soon as I left my bed.

"I hoped that George was fast asleep,
But, standing on the stairs,

I heard a laugh — 't was Kate, the maid
(I hate her saucy airs !)

“ She said that George was up and dressed,
The breakfast nearly done,
That while I wished, my muffins cooled,
So I had better run.

“ I went down stairs, and there was George,
As happy as a bee ;
But then I saw, as usual, sir,
Nobody cared for me.

“ They like my services, 't is true ;
'T is ‘ Sam, do this, and that ;’
But when I frown, and say I won't,
They offer ‘ tit for tat.’ ”

“ All very natural,” said papa ;
“ We see, where'er we go,
Great men, my son, and little boys,
All reaping what they sow.”

“ Throughout this day,” said Samuel, then,
“ No soul has smiled on me ;
But all can smile on George, papa,
As you can plainly see.”

“ I do,” said father, “ plainly see
Sunshine where’er he goes, —
And I would watch him well, my son,
To see what seed he sows.”

“ O, Georgy always tries to please,”
Said Samuel, with disdain ;
“ But smiles to me, at this expense,
Would be but little gain.

“ Can I do justice to myself,
And mind another’s need ?
I think, papa, a crop of smiles
Is scarcely worth the seed.”

“Then cease, my son,” the father said,
“To envy, or complain ;
For, should the man who will not sow
Covet his neighbor's grain ?

“ ’T were vain to give an idle wish
In place of generous deed ;
For kind resolves to serve and bless
All wishes supersede.”

“But where does George procure his cash ? ”
Said Samuel, with a frown ;
“He bought lame Joshua a cane,
When last we went to town.

“And then that Bible must have cost
Five dollars, sir, or more ;
I saw him pay the money down,
For I was in the store.

“ I never had, in all my life,
Money like that to spend ;
And if I would, I could not make
A present to a friend.”

From out his desk then father took
A red morocco covered book,
And bade the boys attend :
Then from this book he slowly read,
“ December 1st, Our Sammy had
Donations from a friend.

“ The present came from Charley Cox ;
A ‘ five-franc piece ’ was in the box,
And on that very day
His mother gave him five cents more
For shovelling snow from off the door,
When ’t was his time to play.

“ And seventy-five his uncle gave,
Which, had he learned his cash to save,
 Would have increased his store ;
A ‘ twenty-five ’ he earned in May,
And in July, for raking hay,
 I gave him fifty more.

“ I gave the boys a plum-tree each, —
They had of apple and of peach
 What from the branches fell ;
Sometimes, perhaps, they raised a breeze
To shake the apples from the trees,
 And have the more to sell.

“ Thus Samuel earned three dollars more,
Which, added to his former store,
 Made just five dollars, fifty ;
And, had so large a sum been mine,
When I was in my boyhood’s prime,
 They would have called me thrifty.

“ And this, my son, is not the whole ;
Perhaps you think your father droll
 To keep this strict account ; —
I wish my boys to reckon well
How mites on mites at last will tell
 Upon a large amount.

“ And if on self our mites we spend,
We lose the means to aid a friend,
 Even in his hour of need ;
Now, *gratitude* must have a root,
Nor can we eat *this* blessed fruit,
 Without we sow the seed.

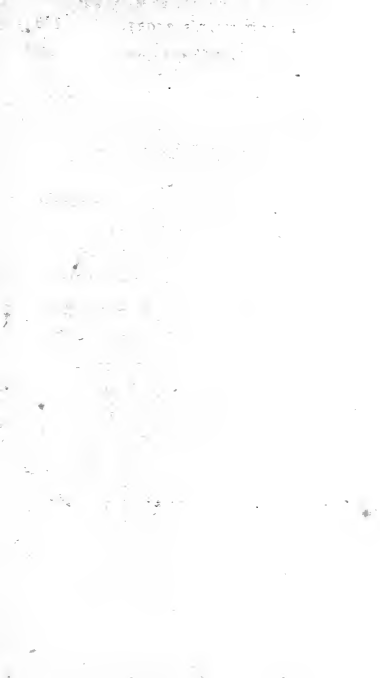
“ If Samuel thinks the price too great,
To sow and then with patience wait,
 To share the reaper's joys,
Then *keep* the price, but do not ask
To share the gain without the task,
 Since all may have their choice.

“ But, Samuel, weigh the matter well, —
Let reason, truth and conscience, tell
 Upon our loss and gain ;
If self, caressed and pampered thus,
Grows not at last to be our curse,
 Our fountain-head of pain.”

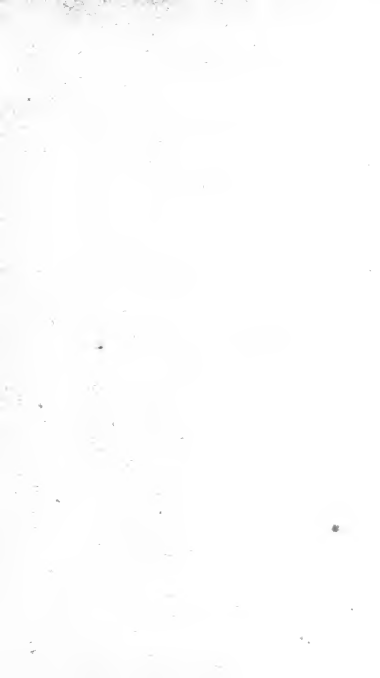
“ O yes,” answered Sammy, “ the matter is plain ;
I have found out the secret of sorrow and pain ;
I see that my fretting and teasing must stop, —
I must sow the right seed, to reap the right crop ;
I ’ll begin, my dear father, on this very night.”
“ That ’s right, my dear boy,” said the father,
 “ that ’s right.”

SEQUEL.

WHEN New Year's Day came round again,
Our Sammy found his losses gain ;
Sowing good seed he found no trouble,
For each came back with interest double.
Who stole his purse would not steal trash,
For Sammy learned to save his cash ; —
So, when he wished to serve a friend,
He had the means to gain the end.
He counted *wishes* quite too cheap
And small, to give or keep.
“ ‘ Wishy,’ ” said Samuel, “ shuts his eyes,
While ‘ Worky ’ runs and gains the prize.”









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